

THE F.B.I. — SCOTLAND YARD — NORTHWEST MOUNTED — SECRET SERVICE !

FBC

TRADEMARK

MANHUNT

No. 3

DECEMBER 1947

10c

**TERROR
in the
SKY!**

SEE NEXT PAGE





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A MANHUNT CHILLER

TERROR IN THE SKY

By Gardner F. Fox

JUG HERKIMER was nervous. He stood in the brightly lighted room where the Van Halstens were holding a masquerade party and touched his wet forehead with a handkerchief. This was his first job as a private detective, and he was watch dog for the Van Halsten jewels. To make matters worse, word had come from headquarters, on an underworld tip, that Rocks Baxter—the best stickup-man in the business—was gunning for the diamonds!

Jug walked by a table that was covered with cold cuts and salads. He gently reached out and took an olive away from its companions. He munched on it as happily as he could, thinking about Rocks Baxter.

"Havin' fun?" asked an elfin voice beside him.

Jug almost swallowed the olive pit, as he gazed down into the wide blue eyes of the pretty girl staring up at him. The olive pit seemed to be the size of a football in his mouth. He mumbled, "Yes'm!" and wished she'd go away.

"I'm Judy Van Halsten," she told him, selecting a tiny sandwich and biting into it. "I—"

She chattered on, but Jug kept thinking of the olive pit. He remembered how he used to shoot buckshot with his teeth and tongue when he was in school, but he couldn't do that with an olive pit here! And now the girl was taking him by the arm and leading him out into the hall.

"You just have to see the diamonds. Uncle Josh is showing them to some friends, in the west library. Come along now."

"Bu-but," Jug mumbled. "I—I'm supposed to watch the jewels . . . a private eye . . . I mean, detective. That's what I am."

"Silly! I know that. That's why . . . oohhhh!"

The girl screamed. Her fingernails were digging right through Jug's coatsleeve and into his arm. He tried to shake himself loose but she hung on with all her strength.

A man in a convict outfit, with a patched and worn jacket, was backing out of the west library. There was a .45 revolver in his right hand, and a small sack in his left hand. From the neck of the black velvet sack, Jug could see a strand of brilliants dangling.

He tried to yell, but the olive pit choked him. He ran forward, hand going for his own gun. The girl was right beside him, running as fast as her skirt would let her.

The masquerader in the patched jacket whirled and sent a bullet past Jug's cheek. Then he dove like an acrobat through the hall window and out onto the lawn.

Jug got the pit in his fingers and shoved it into his pocket. He yelled, "Let's go!" and jumped for the window. Judy Van Halsten gave a small shriek, but stayed with him.

Jug and the girl landed in a tumble on a mass of peonies. They didn't stop to pity the crushed flowers, because the man in the convict suit was going like the wind across the big lawn and—

Jug gulped when he saw it. It was a big blimp, the kind used for aerial advertising. Its gondola was floating just above the lawn. The gondola door was open, and the jewel thief was leaping for it! His hands closed on the rope ladder and he went up.

"Hurry up! Hurry up! We got to stop him!" Jug panted.

The thief darted for the controls. He threw over a lever. He kicked something with his foot. The blimp began to rise. Jug knew that once that blimp was more than seven feet above the ground, the thief would have escaped.

He made a wild leap. His fingers caught on the swaying rope ladder. Then Jug had an arm around Judy, lifted her until her high-heeled shoes could catch in a rung of the ladder.

"Ohmigolly!" she moaned, looking down at the fading lights of the Van Halsten mansion that was disappearing rapidly as the blimp picked up speed.

"Just hang on tight," encouraged Jug. "I'm going up into the gondola and—hey! I think he's seen us!"

The man's face was framed for a moment in the glass window of the gondola. Jug saw him grin and laugh derisively, and jump for the controls.

Jug tried to get up to the gondola door, but the blimp was going too fast. The wind almost flung him from the rope ladder. He needed all his strength to hold Judy on, to make sure they both weren't swept off to crash two thousand feet below.

"He's heading out over Long Island Sound!"

The wind grew worse over the water. It howled and whipped and tugged at Jug and the girl with frenzied glee. It yanked them and snapped them at the end of the ladder. It played with them until they were exhausted.

"Got to . . . hang on . . . just . . . little longer!" Jug panted.

(Continued on inside back cover)

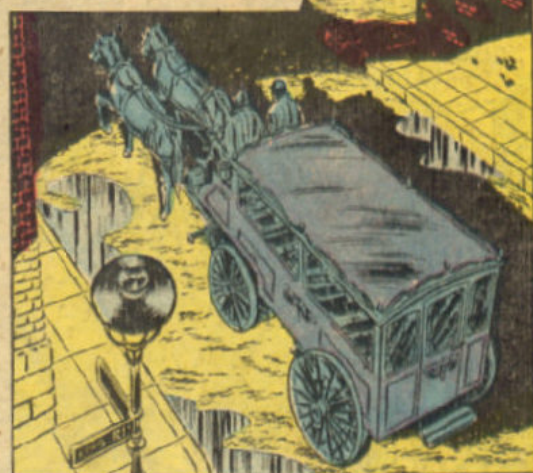
THROUGH THE ALLEYS OF OLD LONDON IT GOES...THE BLACK HEARSE...EVER SEARCHING FOR THE DEAD....

Kirk of Scotland Yard



OUT OF THE FOG OF LONDON'S STREETS COMES THE CREAKING OF WHEELS AND THE CLOP-CLOP OF HORSES' HOVES AS A BLACK HEARSE CARRIES ITS LIVING VICTIM TO A FRIGHTFUL DOOM! ONLY THE MAN OF THE YARD—INSPECTOR RONALD KIRK—STANDS BETWEEN DEATH AND THE COFFIN AS HE HURTLES INTO THE ADVENTURE OF...

**"The HORROR
IN THE HEARSE"**



OR—FOR THE LIVING!

THERE SHE IS, HUGO!
THE HEARSE CALLS TO
HER... GET HER!



PAUL MARKER



AAAAAGH!

QUICKLY OVERTAKEN, THE GIRL IS DRAGGED BACK UP THE ALLEY, TOWARD THE LONG, BLACK HEARSE...

LET ME GO... PLEASE!
YOU'RE MAD... MAD!...
LET ME GO!

NO... THE HEARSE
CALLS TO YOU...
THE HEARSE
CALLS!...

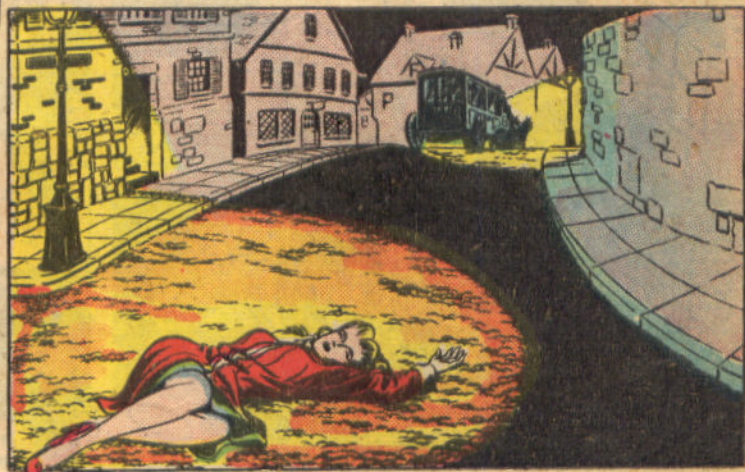


MANHUNT!

AS THE HEARSE DOORS OPEN, A SKELETAL FIGURE STARES BACK AT THE HORRIFIED GIRL!...



THE SHALLOW BREATHING OF THE GIRL IS HIGHLIGHTED BY THE CLOPPING OF HORSES' HOOFES AND THE CREAK OF HEARSE—WHEELS AS THE GRIM DEATH CART RATTLES AWAY!



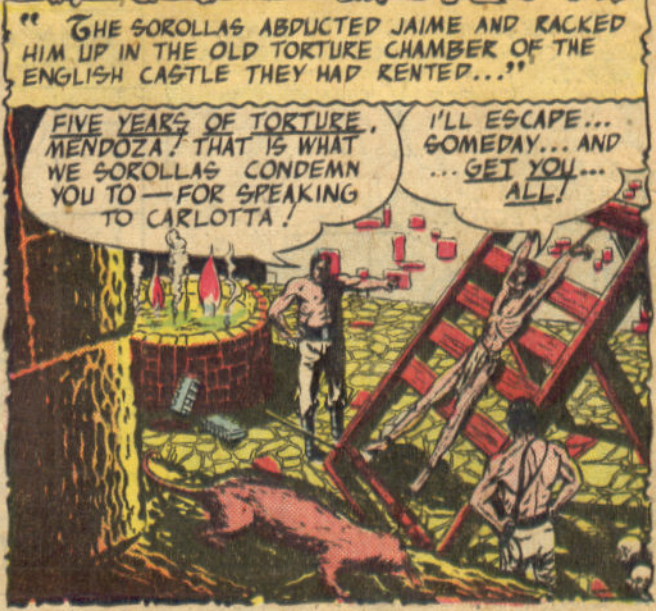
"THAT 'SKELETON' YOU SAW IS REALLY A LIVING MAN! HIS NAME WAS JAIME MENDOZA, AND HE WAS VERY WEALTHY... BUT HIS FAMILY WAS ENGAGED IN A FEUD WITH THE SOROLLAS FAMILY... JAIME FELL IN LOVE WITH THE PRETTY CARLOTTA SOROLLAS..."



"THE SOROLLAS ABDUCTED JAIME AND RACKED HIM UP IN THE OLD TORTURE CHAMBER OF THE ENGLISH CASTLE THEY HAD RENTED..."

FIVE YEARS OF TORTURE, MENDOZA. THAT IS WHAT WE SOROLLAS CONDEMN YOU TO — FOR SPEAKING TO CARLOTTA!

I'LL ESCAPE... SOMEDAY... AND ... GET YOU... ALL!



HA, HA!

HE IS NOT THE HANDSOME DON JAIME ANY MORE!

"HE WAS DIPPED INTO A CHEMICAL VAT... HIS SKIN QUICKLY TIGHTENED AND SPLIT!... ALREADY STARVED, HE LOOKED LIKE A SKELETON WHEN HE WAS PULLED UP..."

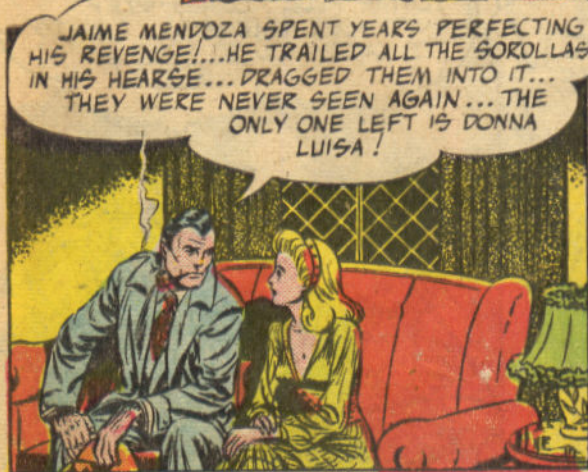


"MADDENED BY PAIN, MENDOZA DUG A PATH THROUGH THE EARTH UNDER THE STONES OF HIS CELL..."

ESCAPE!... GET REVENGE... REVENGE... REVENGE...



JAIME MENDOZA SPENT YEARS PERFECTING HIS REVENGE!... HE TRAILED ALL THE SOROLLAS IN HIS HEARSE... DRAGGED THEM INTO IT... THEY WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN... THE ONLY ONE LEFT IS DONNA LUISA!



WE'VE TRIED FOR YEARS TO CATCH HIM... YOU'D THINK THAT WITH THAT HORSE-DRAWN HEARSE IT WOULD BE EASY, BUT SOMEHOW, HE ALWAYS EVADES US... THIS TIME, HOWEVER, I HAVE AN IDEA!...



MANHUNT!

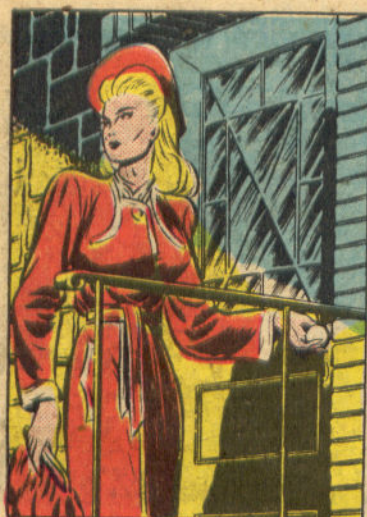
THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN THE GENERAL REGISTRY, FILE ROOM OF NEW SCOTLAND YARD...



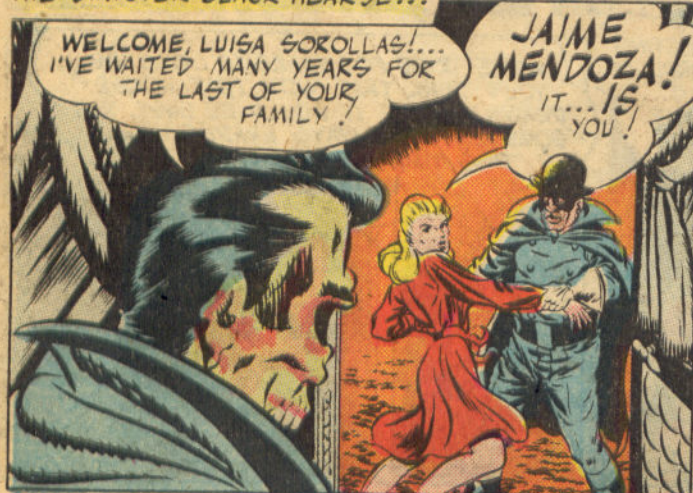
HOOR AFTER HOUR, INSPECTOR KIRK PORES OVER THE CASE HISTORY.....



THAT SAME EVENING...



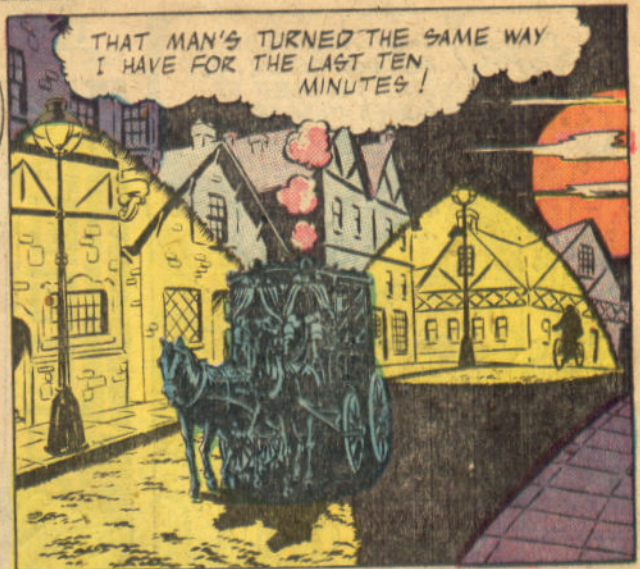
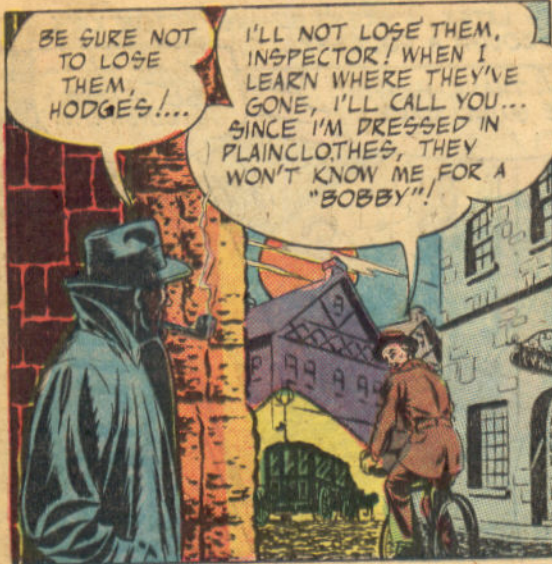
ONLY AFTER A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE IS THE YOUNG WOMAN DRAGGED TO THE SKELETAL FIGURE INSIDE THE THE SINISTER BLACK HEARSE...



THIS TIME THERE IS NO MISTAKE! THIS TIME I SHALL EXACT MY VENGEANCE TO THE FULL! COME- STEP INTO YOUR HEARSE!... IT WAITS TO CARRY YOU TO YOUR GRAVE!



MANHUNT!



IN A FLASH, THE DRIVER OF THE BLACK HEARSE BRINGS THE BUTT-HANDLE OF HIS WHIP DOWN ON THE LAWMAN'S HEAD....

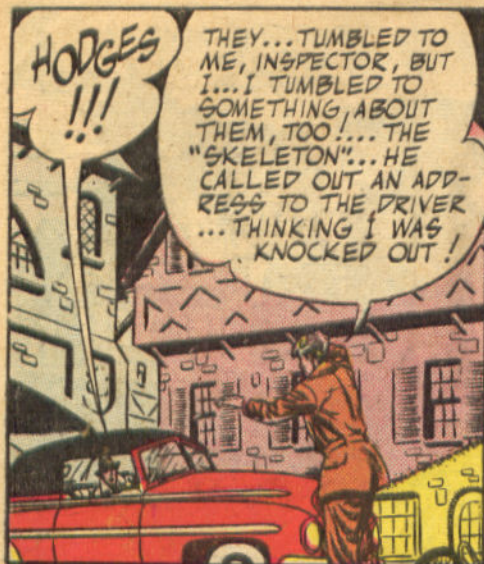


TWO HOURS LATER...



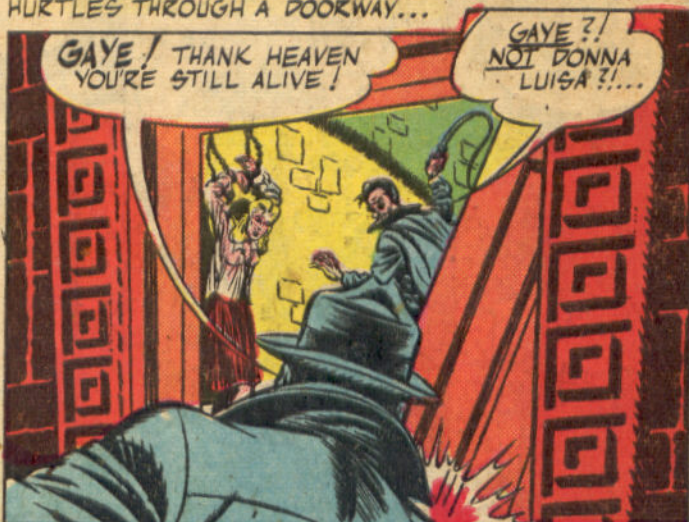
MANHUNT!

MINUTES LATER, A FRENZIED INSPECTOR KIRK HURTTLES THROUGH A DOORWAY...



HODGES !!!

THEY...TUMBLED TO ME, INSPECTOR, BUT I...I TUMBLED TO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM, TOO.... THE "SKELETON"... HE CALLED OUT AN ADDRESS TO THE DRIVER ...THINKING I WAS KNOCKED OUT!



GAYE! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!

GAYE?! NOT DONNA LUISA?!

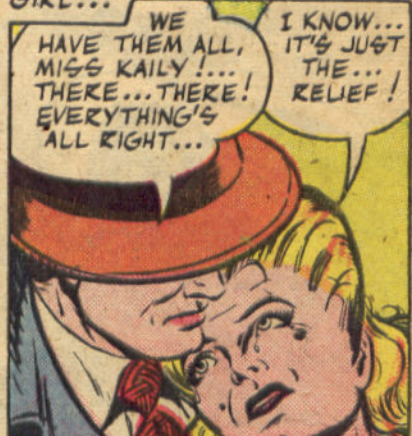


SHE'S GAYE KAILY... WHO PRETENDED TO BE THE LATE DONNA LUISA ...TO BRING YOU TO HEEL!



OR SHOULD I SAY... TO KNUCKLES?

AFTER FINISHING OFF THE SKELETAL MANIAC, INSPECTOR KIRK RELEASES AND ATTEMPTS TO COMFORT THE FRIGHTENED GIRL...



WE HAVE THEM ALL, MISS KAILY!... THERE...THERE! EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT...

I KNOW... IT'S JUST THE... RELIEF!



I HAVE HIS MEN, SIR!... THEY SHOWED NO FIGHT WHEN THEY REALIZED YOU HAD THE "SKELETON" CORNERED!

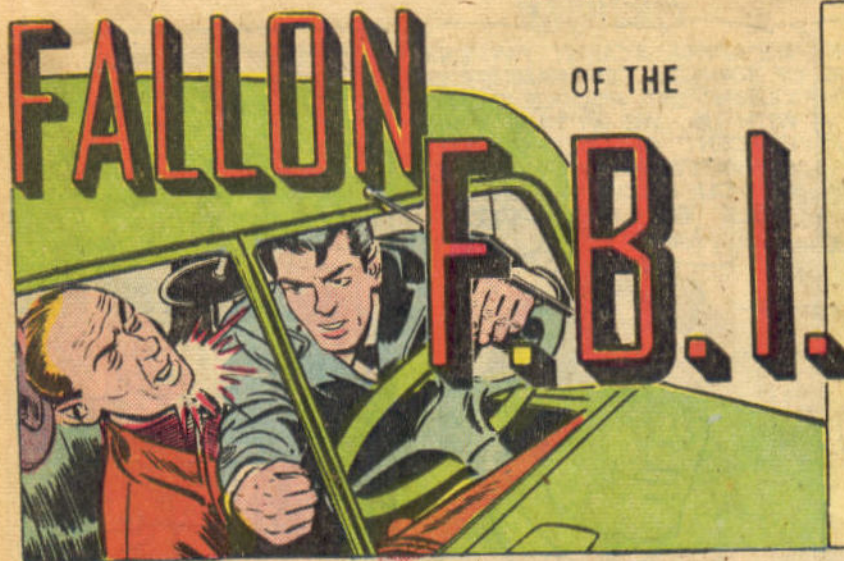
GOOD CHAP!



ONE THING PUZZLES ME, SIR... MISS GAYE KAILY'S EYES ARE GREY, NOT BROWN! HOW DID YOU FOOL THE "SKELETON" ABOUT THAT?

CONTACT LENSES, HODGES... TINTED BROWN! THEY FIT OVER THE EYEBALLS, YOU KNOW... NOT SUSPECTING THEM, THE "SKELETON" NEVER LOOKED CLOSE ENOUGH TO REALIZE MISS KAILY WORE THEM... JUST AS HE OVERLOOKED THE PAINTED MOLE ON HER CHEEK!

The End



THE CRIME OF KIDNAP-
PING WAS PLACED
UNDER THE JURISDICTION
OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU
OF INVESTIGATION IN 1932.
IN THAT YEAR A LITTLE
BOY DIED IN A FIRE...
FIFTEEN YEARS LATER,
IN A LITTLE SUBURBAN
TOWN, THAT BOY'S
FATHER WAS KIDNAPPED.
NO CONNECTION? AH,
BUT FATE PLAYS
STRANGE TRICKS ---
AND THE STRANGEST
ONE OF ALL WAS IN
THE CASE OF ...
**"THE MAN WITH
THE RIGHT HAND!"**

HOMER LAWSON WAS A RETIRED, WEALTHY
BANKER. HIS HOBBY WAS GARDENING
ONE AFTERNOON

PARDON ME, LAWSON. I
THINK I GOT SOMETHING
THAT MIGHT INTEREST
YOU!

EH?



IT'S A FUNNY KIND
OF DAHLIA. I'D
LIKE AN EXPERT'S
OPINION ON IT!

A DAHLIA? I'VE
RAISED AND
EXHIBITED THEM.
TOOK A TRI-COLOR
RIBBON COUPLE OF
TIMES. GLAD TO
HELP YOU!



KEEP RIGHT
ON STEPPIN'
GRAN'PA!

YOU--
YOU'RE
CROOKS!

YOU CATCH
QUICK!
GET IN!

YOU'VE MADE A
MISTAKE. I'VE
NEVER SEEN ANY
OF YOU BEFORE!

BUT WE'VE SEEN
YOUR BANK
ACCOUNT, GRAN'PA!
WE WANT IN ON
ABOUT THIRTY
GRAND OF IT!



MANHUNT!

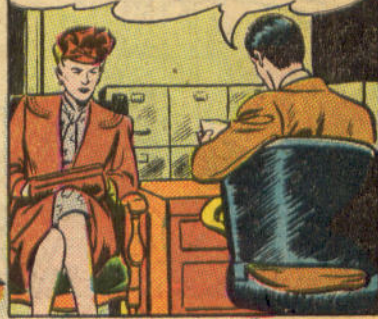
TWO DAYS LATER, MRS. LAWSON VISITED THE OFFICES OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION ...

MR. FALLON? MY HUSBAND WAS KIDNAPPED. I CAME TO SHOW YOU THIS RANSOM NOTE I RECEIVED.

WE'RE WORKING ON THE CASE--SO FAR WITHOUT CLUES!

WE ADVISE AGAINST PAYMENT OF RANSOM. IF FAMILIES OF KIDNAPPED PEOPLE WORK WITH US, WE ATTAIN A HIGH PERCENT OF SUCCESS, AND CONVICTIONS, IS PUNISHABLE BY LIFE IMPRISONMENT!

NO CLUES HAVE BEEN TURNED UP, EXCEPT THIS NOTE. IT'S AS THOUGH THE EARTH OPENED UP AND SWALLOWED YOUR HUSBAND. THE NOTE HAS ONE OR TWO LETTERS IN TYPE LIKE THAT USED IN CIRCUS HANDBILLS.



EVER SINCE OUR LITTLE BOY DIED IN A FIRE FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, MY HUSBAND AND I HAVE BEEN CLOSER THAN EVER! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HIM---I--I WON'T GO ON LIVING!

WE'LL DO OUR BEST!



IN THE F.B.I. LABORATORY

WE'VE TAKEN THE IMPRINTS OF THE KIDNAP CAR TIRES. THERE KSN'T ANYTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THEM!

THEN OUR ONLY CLUE IS THAT "BARNUM" AND "JIM CROW" TYPE USED ON THE NOTE.



SOME MILES AWAY IN A MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT ...

IT AIN'T LIKE I WAS AN ORDINARY CROOK, LAWSON. I GOT A BACKGROUND, I HAVE, AND A FUNNY RIGHT HAND--

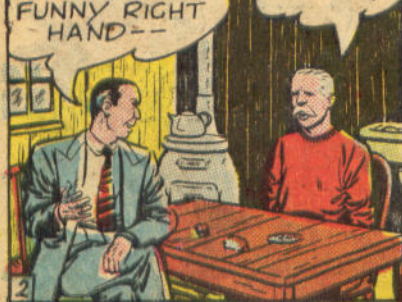
RIGHT--
RIGHT
HAND?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

SEE THE COTTON? I'M GONNA SET FIRE TO IT! WHEN YOU SEE THAT THE FIRE DON'T HURT ME --- MAYBE YOU'LL CATCH WHAT I'M DRIVIN' AT!

HEART THUMPING, OLD HOMER LAWSON STARED AS THE COTTON FLARED UP WITH BRILLIANT FLAME ...

I DON'T BELIEVE IT. IT CAN'T BE. IT--IT---

WHY? NOT? I'M ONLY TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OLD!



MANHUNT!



YOUR BOY WAS NINE YEARS OLD WHEN HE WAS SUPPOSEDLY LOST IN THAT FIRE. FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, THAT WAS. FIFTEEN AND NINE MAKE TWENTY-FOUR!

LET ME SEE -- YOUR HAND!

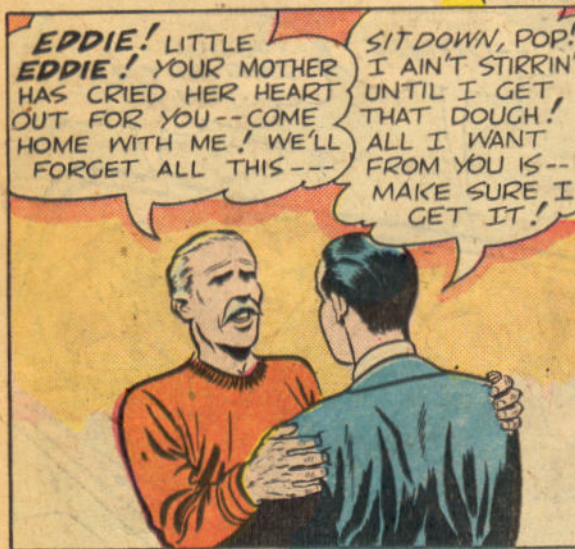
MY BOY HAD NO NERVES IN HIS RIGHT HAND. THERE WAS NO FEELING FOR PAIN. YOUR HAND -- YOU DIDN'T FEEL PAIN, EITHER!

THAT'S RIGHT, POP! OR SHOULD I CALL YOU **DADDY!**



ALL I WANT IS THE DOUGH. YOU WON'T EVER SEE ME AGAIN!

MY BOY -- A **THIEF!** BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER --



EDDIE! LITTLE **EDDIE!** YOUR MOTHER HAS CRIED HER HEART OUT FOR YOU -- COME HOME WITH ME! WE'LL FORGET ALL THIS --

SIT DOWN, POP! I AIN'T STIRRIN' UNTIL I GET THAT DOUGH! ALL I WANT FROM YOU IS -- MAKE SURE I GET IT!



NEXT DAY, AT THE LAWSON HOME ...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. MY HUSBAND WROTE A LETTER TELLING ME TO PAY THE RANSOM AND ASK NO QUESTIONS!

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, MRS. LAWSON!



BUT THAT NIGHT, NEAR THE ROTTED OAK WHERE THE RANSOM MONEY WAS TO BE LEFT, THE F.B.I. HAD ITS AGENTS ON HAND ...

I PROMISED I WOULDN'T INTERFERE UNTIL AFTER THE RATS GOT THE MONEY!



THEY GOT THE RANSOM, ALL RIGHT. NOW, GET THE CAR! WE'RE GOING AFTER THEM!

MANHUNT!

ALONG THE MOONLIT ROAD THE G-MEN TOOK UP THE CHASE. SPEEDOMETER NEEDLES CREEPT UP AND UP

COPPERS!
THEY'RE AFTER US!

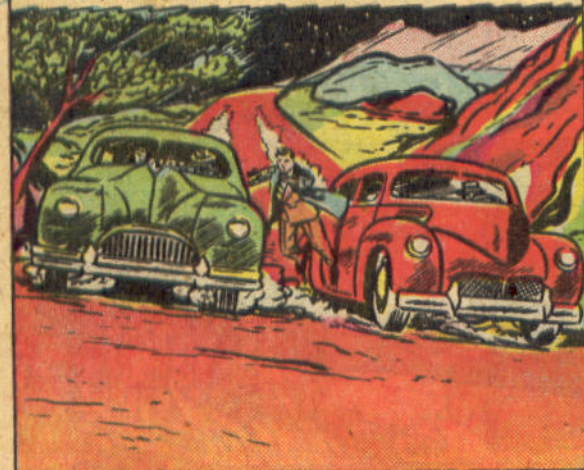
IF WE CAN GET A TIRE, THEY'RE DONE FOR!

MISSED AGAIN!

FORCE THEM IN--
WANT TO TAKE THEM ALIVE, SO DON'T SHOOT---



FALLON MADE A DARING LEAP AT NINETY-THREE MILES AN HOUR....

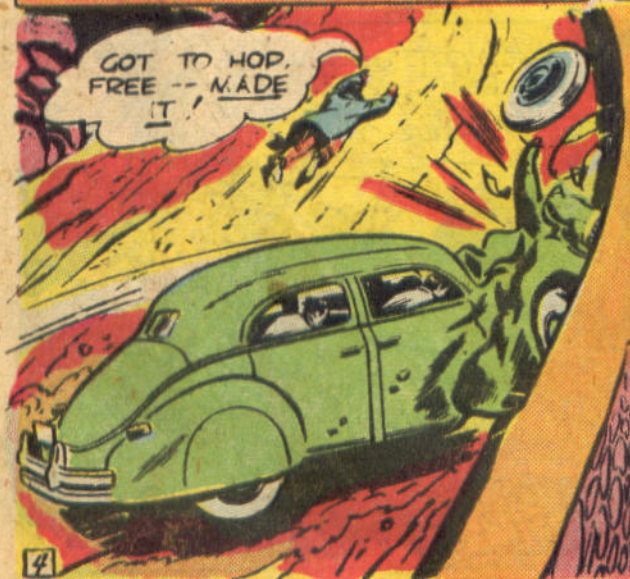


--OOWFF!

WATCH IT--I'M GOING TO **CRASH** YOU!



GOT TO HOP, FREE--MADE IT!



KEEP COMING. DON'T GIVE ME AN EXCUSE OR I'LL BLOW YOU APART!



MANHUNT!

A LITTLE LATER, UNDER THE BLAZING INCANDESCENTS THE GUNMEN LOST THEIR NERVE

YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR KIDNAPPING! YOU WANT TO GO UP FOR IT--OR ARE YOU GOING TO SPILL?

I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK!

GEEK THOMAS HAS A MOUNTAIN CABIN UP THERE. I'LL DRAW YOU THE MAP---

GO ON!

THE F.B.I. SPECIAL AGENT LAID HIS PLANS VERY CAREFULLY

WE HAVE TO MAKE SURE THOMAS DOESN'T KILL LAWSON OUT OF PURE CUSSIDNESS! NOW THIS IS THE WAY WE'LL WORK IT ---

THE NEXT DAY, WHEN GEEK THOMAS LOOKED OUT OF HIS CABIN HIDEOUT...

SOMEBODY COMIN'. HUH, JUST A TRAMP! I'LL GET RID OF HIM!

TRUCK KELLOGG SENT ME. HE SAID TO TELL YOU THE OLD LADY CAME THROUGH WITH THE DOUGH!

SHE DID? THEN WHERE IS IT? WHAT'S TRUCK TRYIN' TO PULL? IF THIS IS A DOUBLE-CROSS--

DON'T BLOW YOUR TOP. I GOT THE DOUGH FOR YOU!

WHERE IS IT? LET'S SEE IT!

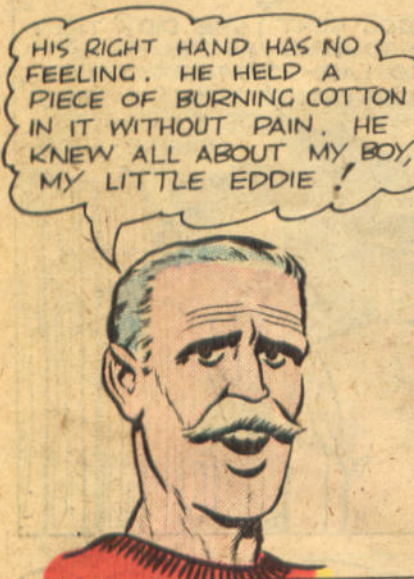
THERE! HE SENT IT BECAUSE --

NEVER MIND WHY. I'LL ASK QUESTIONS AFTER I SEE THE MONEY!

THAT WILL BE TOO LATE!

UGGH!

MANHUNT!



MANHUNT!

A FUSILLADE OF .45 CALIBRE SUB-MACHINE GUN BULLETS RIDDLED THE THIN CABIN WALLS.....

THEY GOT US SURROUNDED, BUT THEY WON'T TAKE ME ALIVE!



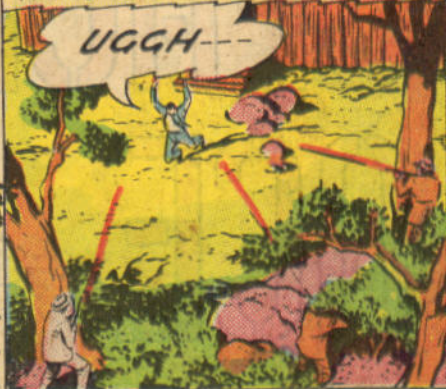
AS HIS LAST TORPEDO PAL DROPS AT HIS FEET GEEK THOMAS MAKES A WILD DASH--

COME GET ME, COPPERS!



WELL-TRAINED EYES SIGHT PERFECTLY KEPT GUNS. EXPERT FINGERS DEPRESS TRIGGERS. A SPRAY OF BULLETS DROPS GEEK, WHO COMES TO THE BLOODY END OF HIS CRIME TRAIL....

UGGH---



MY LITTLE BOY---

I AIN'T YOUR BOY, POP. I PULLED THAT STUNT TO FORCE YOU TO WRITE AND GET ME THE RANSOM DOUGH. BUT I DO KNOW WHERE YOUR KID IS. IN THE CIRCUS! WHEN WE PASSED THROUGH A CIRCUS TOWN, I FOUND OUT THE FACTS!



YOUR KID LOST HIS MEMORY AT THE TIME OF THE FIRE. HE MANAGED TO WANDER OFF. A CIRCUS STRONGMAN FOUND HIM AND BROUGHT HIM UP. REASON YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT IT WAS YOU WERE IN EUROPE AT THE TIME...



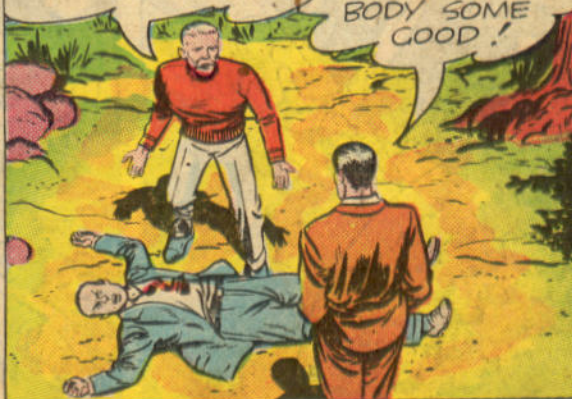
YOU GOT THE "BARNUM" AND "JIM CROW" TYPE USED IN YOUR RANSOM NOTE FROM THE CIRCUS?

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. I THOUGHT LAWSON WOULD GET US THE DOUGH AND REFUSE TO LET US BE CHASED BY COPPERS IF I PASSED MYSELF OFF AS HIS SON!



THIS IS ONE KIDNAPPING THAT TURNED OUT HAPPILY. I'LL FIND MY LOST BOY AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS!

CRIME NOT ONLY DIDN'T PAY HERE-- IT BACKFIRED AND DID SOMEBODY SOME GOOD!

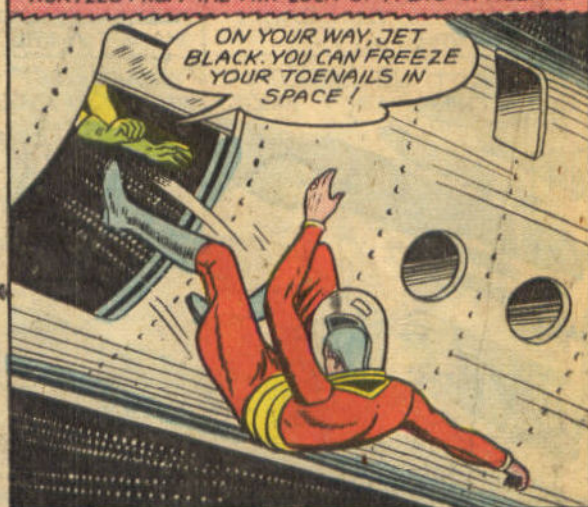


SPACE ACE

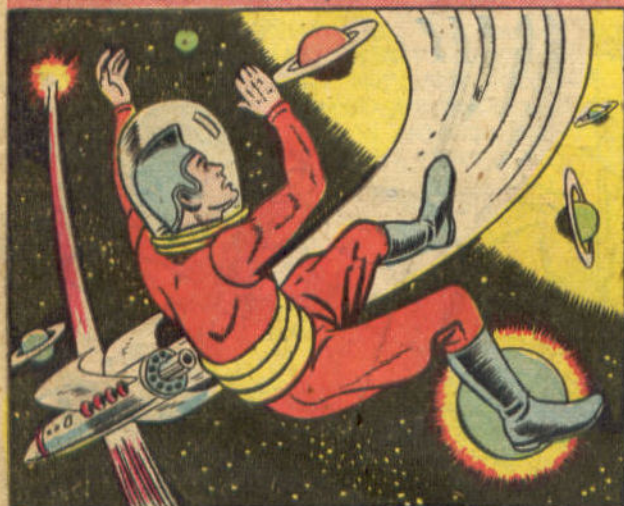


— FRED GUARDINER

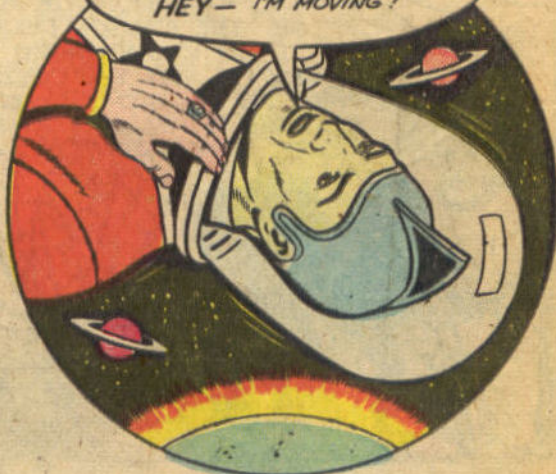
SOMEWHERE OFF THE MARS-JUPITER RUN... A BODY HURTTLES FROM THE AIR-LOCK OF A BIG SPACER...



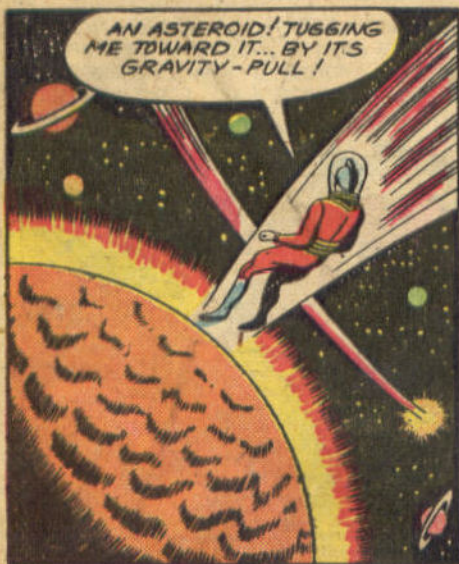
DRIFTING AIMLESSLY IN SPACE, WHERE THERE IS NO GRAVITY AND THEREFORE NO UP OR DOWN, JET BLACK RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS.



MY HEAT COILS WILL LAST ONLY TWO DAYS... THEN THEY'LL BLOW! AND SPACE COLD WILL FREEZE ME INTO SOLID ICE! HEY — I'M MOVING!



AN ASTEROID! TUGGING ME TOWARD IT... BY ITS GRAVITY-PULL!



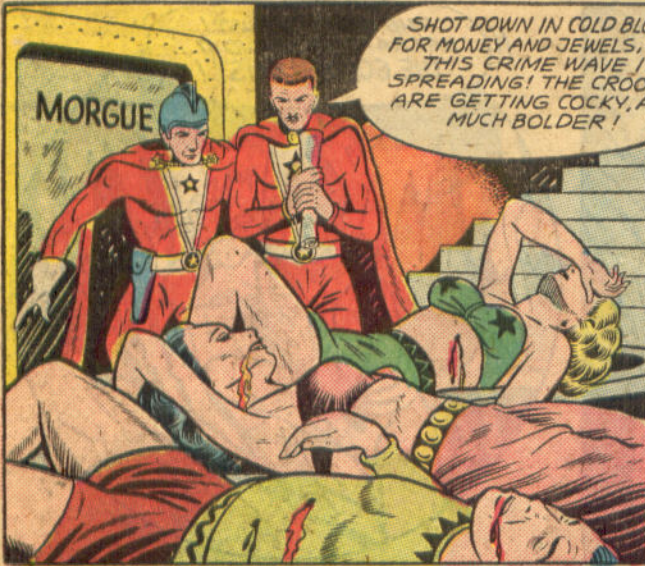
IF THERE'S WATER HERE I MAY BE ABLE TO... GET ALONG UNTIL I CONTACT JAK TAL... BY SPACE VOX...



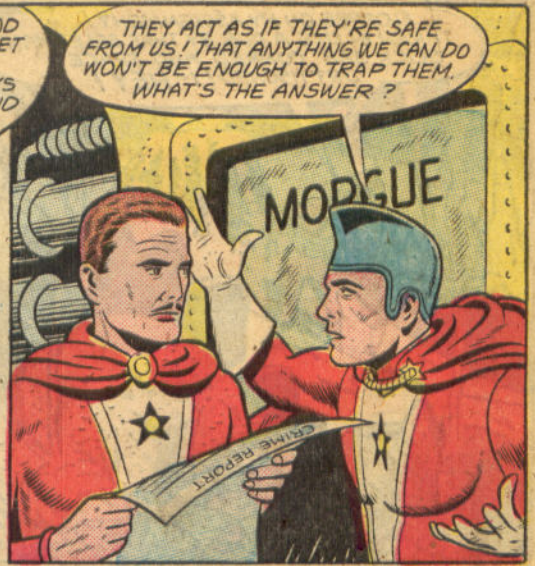
MANHUNT!



MANHUNT!



SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD FOR MONEY AND JEWELS, JET THIS CRIME WAVE IS SPREADING! THE CROOKS ARE GETTING COCKY, AND MUCH BOLDER!



THEY ACT AS IF THEY'RE SAFE FROM US! THAT ANYTHING WE CAN DO WON'T BE ENOUGH TO TRAP THEM. WHAT'S THE ANSWER?



JET, LOOK! THE FLIER SQUAD PICKED UP A BULLET-RIDDLED CANAL-CROOK. WE FOUND THIS GOLDEN SAND IN HIS SUIT.

ALWAYS THE GOLDEN SAND! EVERY CROOK FOR THE LAST YEAR HAS HAD SOME OF THOSE SAND PARTICLES ON HIM WHEN WE FOUND HIM!



I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THE SAND IS TO BLAME, BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT. AFTER A CRIME. WAVE, WE KNOW A LOT OF CROOKS DISAPPEAR. WELL - I'LL DISAPPEAR ALONG WITH 'EM!

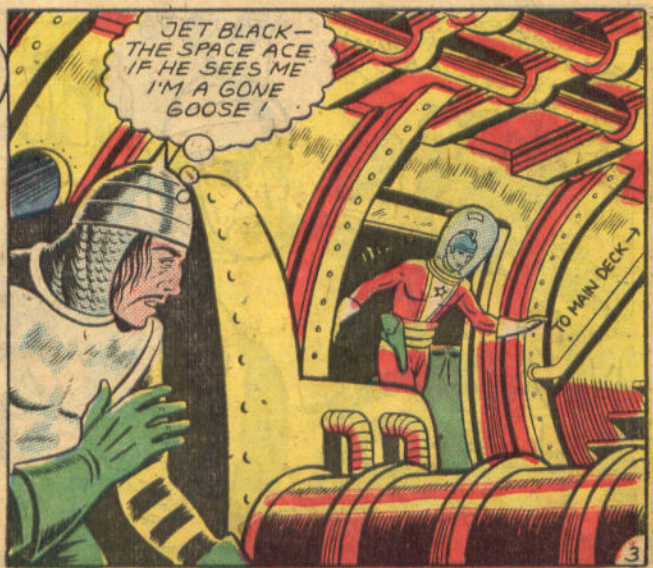


CANAL TRAMPS TELL US THEY'VE SEEN THE CRIMINALS BOARD ILLEGAL SPACERS GOING OUT TOWARD JUPITER. I'LL BOARD A REGULAR SPACER AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT!



I HAVE A MINIATURE SPACE-VOX SET IN THE FORM OF A RING, JAK. IF I RUN INTO ANYTHING BIG - YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SMASH THE PLASTIC COVER ON IT!

CHECK ON THAT!



JET BLACK - THE SPACE ACE IF HE SEES ME I'M A GONE GOOSE!

MANHUNT!

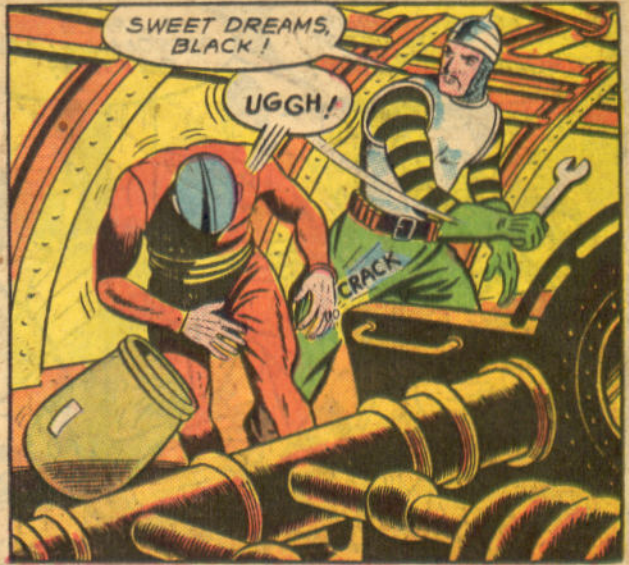
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES OUT OF MARS...

I'LL GIVE MY SPACE HELMET A ONCE-OVER, JUST IN CASE A METEOR DENTS OUR HULL... DOESN'T HAPPEN OFTEN, BUT IT'S JUST AS WELL TO BE PREPARED...



SWEET DREAMS, BLACK!

UGGH!



I'LL LET HIM SUFFER A WHILE. WHEN HE COMES TO OUT IN SPACE, HE'LL FREEZE TO DEATH! IF I LEFT THAT HELMET OFF, HE'D DIE IMMEDIATELY WHEN I SHOVE HIM OUT THE AIRLOCK!



NOW, TO RETURN TO THE DRIFTING ASTEROID. WE SEE JET BLACK, LETTING THE GOLDEN SAND SIFT THROUGH HIS FINGERS, LIFT HIS HEAD SUDDENLY...



MUSIC! THE TWANGING OF HARP'S STRINGS! WHO COULD BE PLAYING A HARP... ON THIS DESERTED THING?

A GIRL! WHAT IN THE WORLD IS SHE DOING HERE?

COME, MY FRIEND, THIS ASTEROID I CALL THE ANGEL'S ASTEROID... I AM THE ANGEL OF MERCY!



I LIVE HERE AND I BEFRIEND MEN WHO HAVE HAD SPACE ACCIDENTS, WHO FLOAT IN SPACE. I HAVE SAVED MANY OF THEM, VERY MANY! YOU MUST COME NOW TO MY CHAMBERS!



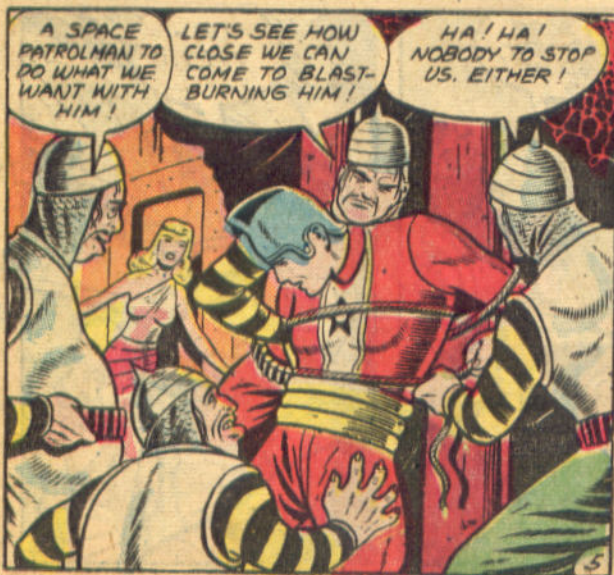
I'M SURE GLAD YOU SAVED ME!



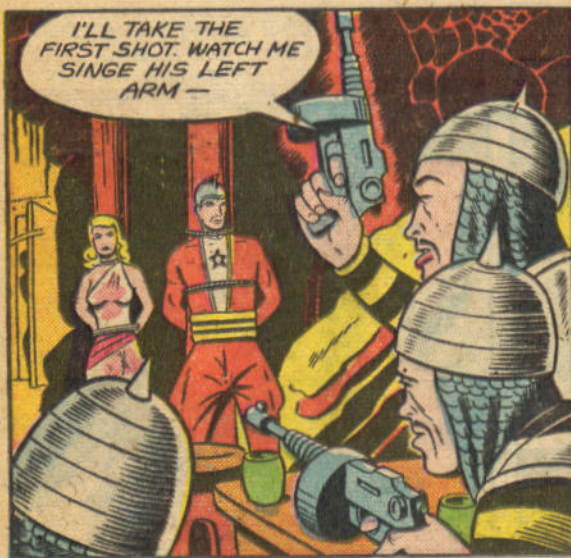
OR-AM I?



MANHUNT!



MANHUNT!





THE UNSUNG HELPERS OF THE MOUNTIES ARE THEIR HORSES AND SLED-DOGS. NO ONE WORKS HARDER THAN THOSE FOUR-FOOTED VETERANS OF TRACK AND TRAIL AS LEAD-DOG SHAGGY DISPLAYS IN...

THE SAGA OF SHAGGY



SHAGGY WAS BORN IN AN ESKIMO VILLAGE, ONE OF A FAMILY OF FINE...

HE IS SHAGGY AS A BEAR! I WILL CALL HIM SHAGGY!



THERE WAS ONE ESKIMO WHO DID NOT LIKE SHAGGY, A BIG "BAD INDIAN" CALLED UMSHLUK...

FOOL DOG!



WHAT? YOU TRY BITE UMSHLUK?



I TEACH YOU! I TEACH YOU WITH STICK ON BACK...!



MANHUNT!

LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT FROM A SUMMER SKY, A HAND DROPS ON LIMSHLUK'S SHOULDER...

MAYBE I OUGHT TO DO SOME TEACHING MYSELF!



LESSON NUMBER ONE!



...GLAWWWK...

AND TWO!



NEXT TIME I SEE YOU MANHANDLING A PUP, I'LL DO MORE THAN THAT...!



I GET EVEN... WITH THE PUP AND THE MAN... SOME DAY!



THIS DOG'S LIFE WON'T BE SAFE HERE! LET ME BUY HIM FROM YOU!

I SELL SHAGGY! YOU BETTUM!



"SHAGGY," HUH? WONDER HOW YOU'LL LIKE BEING A MOUNTIE'S DOG?



MANHUNT!

THE YEARS PASS SLOWLY. SHAGGY GROWS UP "IN HARNESS" WITH HIS MASTER...

YOU'RE LEARNING...AND GETTING HUSKIER... ALL THE TIME!

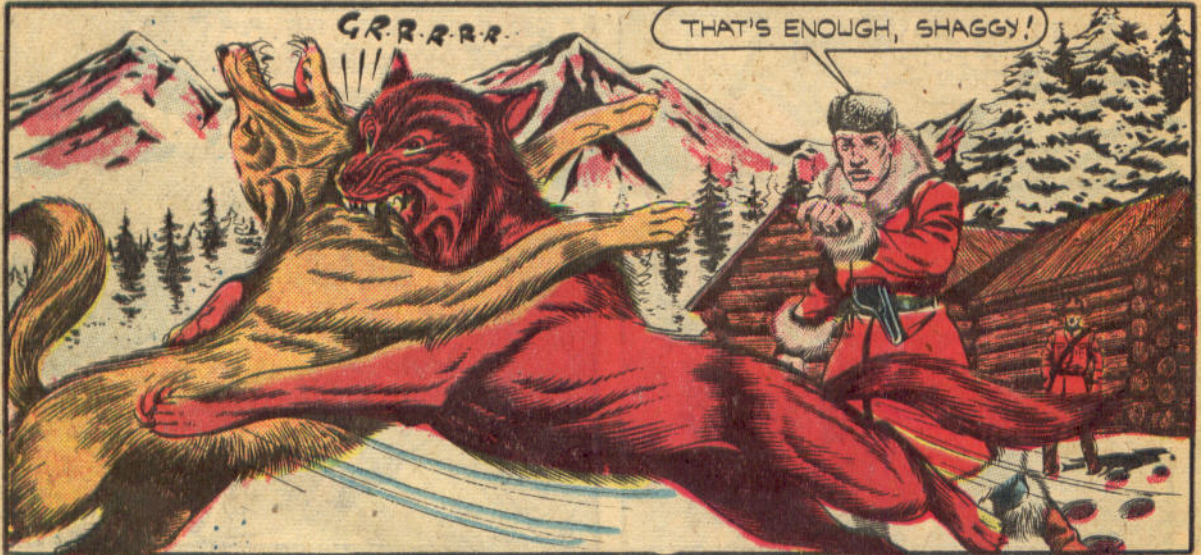


OH-OH! LOOKS AS THOUGH KING DOESN'T LIKE SHAGGY TAKING OVER THE LEAD-DOG HARNESS!



GRR-R-R-R

THAT'S ENOUGH, SHAGGY!



SO YOU'RE THE NEW LEAD DOG, ARE YOU? FEEL PRETTY GOOD, DON'T YOU?



IN THE FROZEN NORTH, LIMSHLUK FINALLY GOES REAL BAD!

I TAKE BEAVER TAIL TIDBIT! YOU ALWAYS TAKE THE BEST FOOD!



YOU KEEP TONGUE QUIET! UMSHLUK KILL...!

I...I DIDN'T MEAN IT...



MANHUNT!

MY SNOWSHOES BROKEN. I TAKE YOURS. AND NEW GUN, TOO!

...ULP...



REPORTS OF UMSHLUK'S BEHAVIOR REACH FORT SIMPSON.

CALL FOR DUTY, JEFF. SOME ESKIMO'S GONE OFF HIS HEAD UP NORTH!

BE RIGHT WITH YOU!



UMSHLUK'S BEEN ROBBING AND ASSAULTING HIS ESKIMO PEOPLE, JEFF. LATEST REPORT IS HE KNIFED A MAN WHO WOULDN'T LET HIM WALK OFF WITH HIS WIFE!



MUSH, SHAGGY! WE'RE OUT TO FIND THE MAN WHO BEAT YOU WHEN YOU WERE A PUP...



SOME DAYS OUT ON THE TRAIL, A PASSING TRAPPER PAUSES TO SHARE BANNOCK...

LUCK OF ZEE TRAIL, RED FOX!

MY THANKS, M'SIEU...



THE TRAPPER MAKES A WIDE CIRCLE AND KNOCKS AT A TINY TRAPLINE CABIN...

JUST TO GIVE YOU ZEE FRIENDLY WORD. ZEE RED FOX IS ON YOUR TRAIL!

FOX? HAAGGH! I KILLUM!

OH... NO!



OWE UM FOR BEATING! I KILLUM! YOU STAYUM HERE!



MANHUNT!

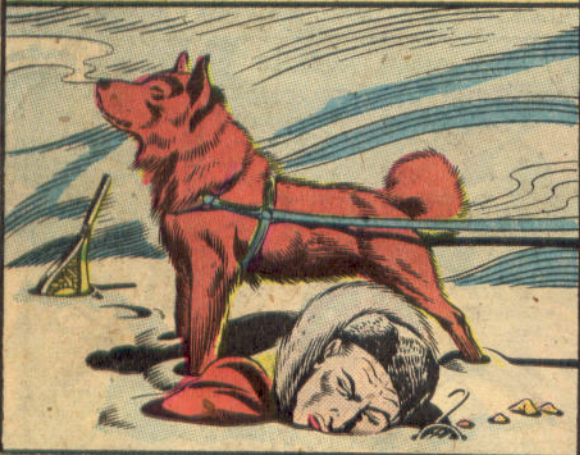
HIM COME! BREAK TRAIL FOR DOGS. LAST TIME HIM BREAKUM ANY TRAIL...



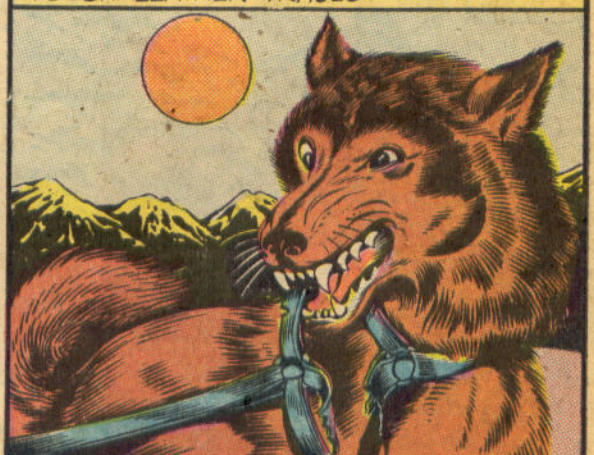
UUHHH....



ONLY A DOG'S WHIMPER AND A MAN'S HOARSE BREATHING BREAKS THE STILLNESS OF THE VAST SPACES...



ALL NIGHT LONG, SHAGGY'S KEEN WHITE TEETH GNAW LIKE RAZORS AT THE TOUGH LEATHER TRACES.....



TOWARD DAWN, A STREAK OF FUR AND FANGS FLASHES ALONG THE RETURN TRAIL TO FORT SIMPSON...



SHAGGY! WHERE..WHERE'S SERGEANT FOX?



LATER...

JEFF!



MANHUNT!



HE'LL LIVE, SHAGGY! IT'S A SHOULDER WOUND, BUT NOT TOO SERIOUS!



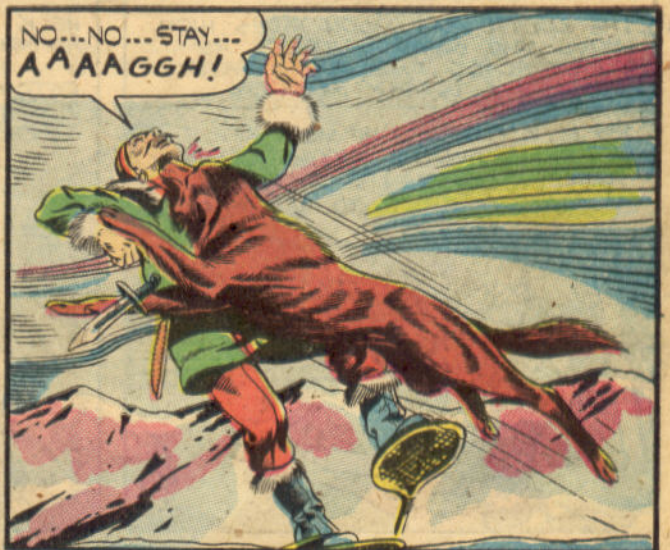
NOW WHERE THE DEVIL IS THAT DOG GOING?



A GROWL RUMBLING IN HIS THROAT, THE HUGE LEAD-DOG FOLLOWS A WELL-DEFINED TRAIL---



A DOG... 'AN' WHAT A ... EET'S SHAGGY!



NO...NO...STAY... AAAAGGH!



SOME DAYS LATER...

I'LL BE ON MY FEET REAL SOON, BARBE... THANKS TO YOUR NURSING!



I DON'T KNOW WHO TO THANK, JEFF. UMSHLUK'S NEVER BEEN SEEN SINCE YOU AND SHAGGY TOOK UP HIS TRAIL! ONE OF YOU SURE "GOT HIS MAN!"

The End

MANHUNT!

UNDERCOVER GIRL



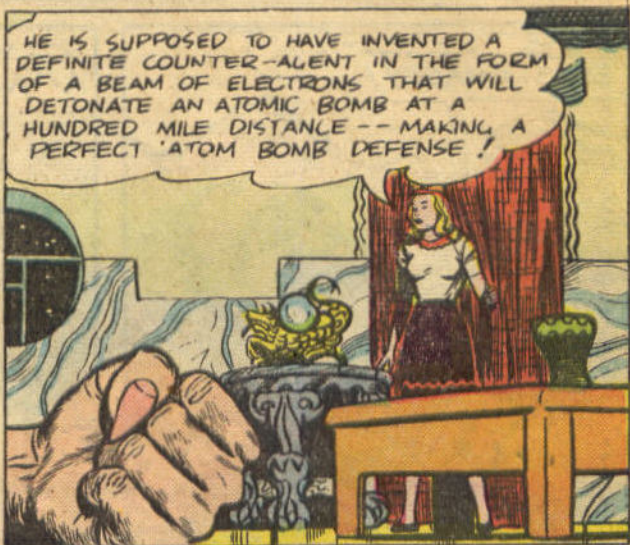
LIKE A PEARL IN A BLUE VELVET RUG, THE ISLAND OF LIN YU NESTLES IN THE BLUE PACIFIC. PEACEFUL AND SERENE, IT HOLDS ONLY DEATH AND DANGER FOR STARR FLAGG — UNDERCOVER GIRL — AS SHE PLUNGES INTO — "JEOPARDY IN JADE!"

THE SOUTH SEAS MOON RIDES HIGH ABOVE THE BAMBOO TREES AS STARR FLAGG THREADS A PATH TOWARD A LONELY MANSION...

OLD MING LEE SAID HE MUST SEE ME IF HE FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN THOSE EXPERIMENTS OF HIS. I REALLY DO WANT TO SEE HIM!



HE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE INVENTED A DEFINITE COUNTER-AGENT IN THE FORM OF A BEAM OF ELECTRONS THAT WILL DETONATE AN ATOMIC BOMB AT A HUNDRED MILE DISTANCE -- MAKING A PERFECT 'ATOM BOMB DEFENSE'!

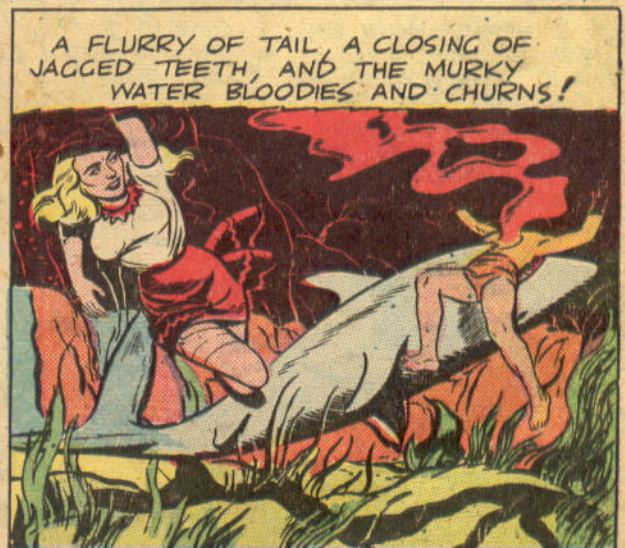
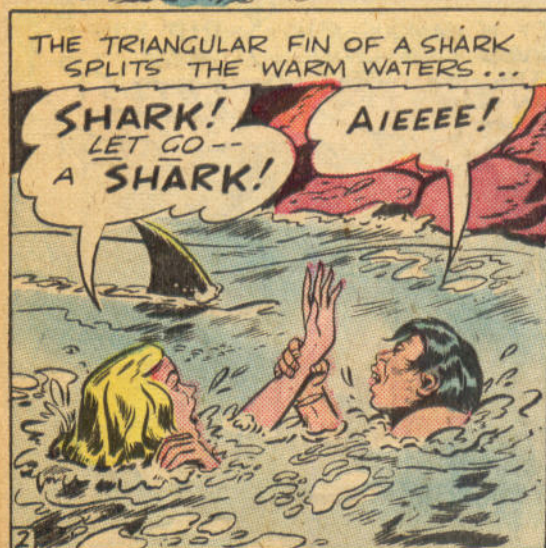
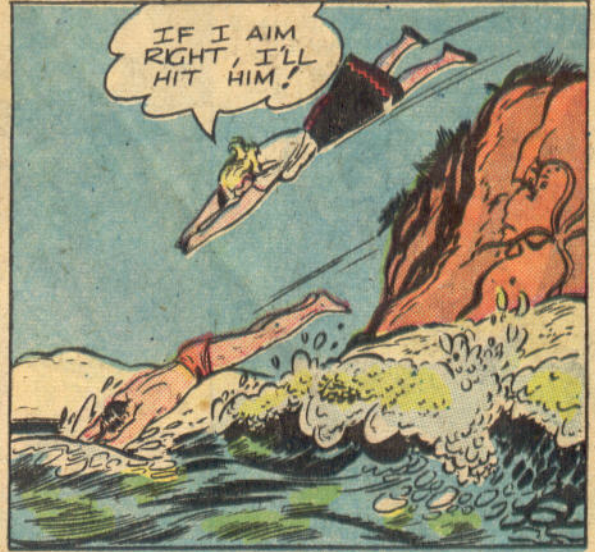


MING LEE!
OH HH--

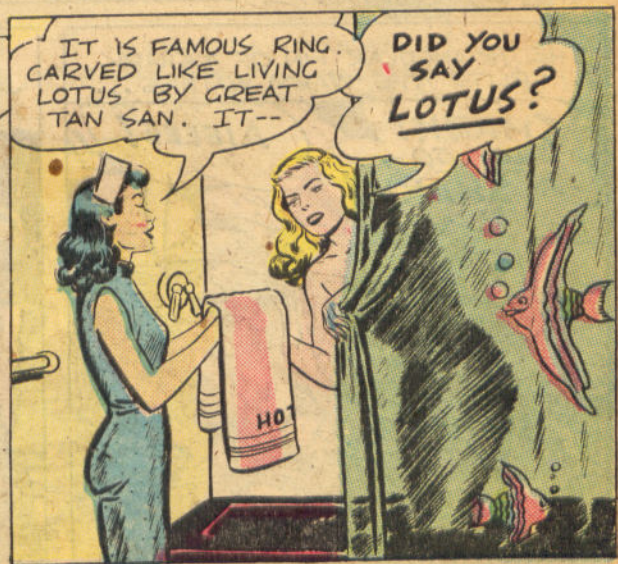
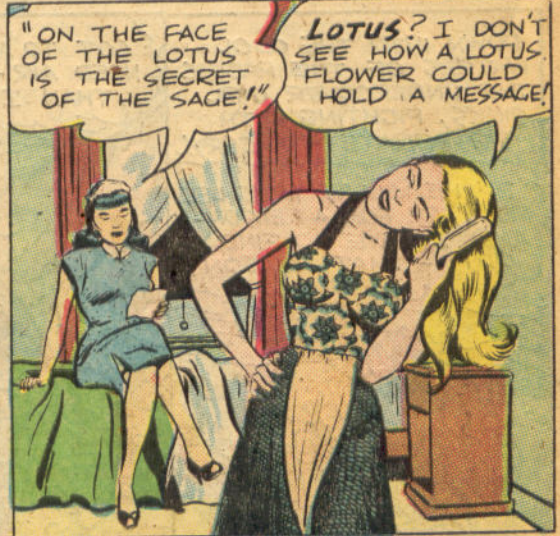
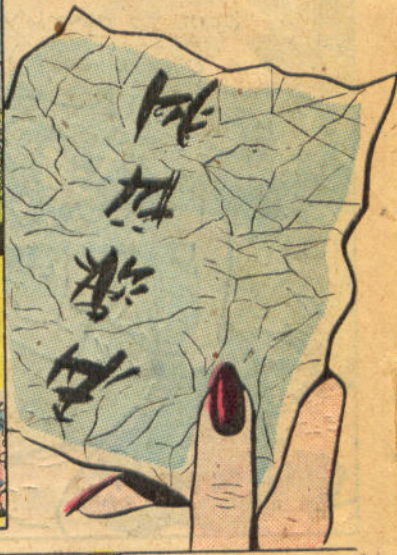
I HEARD FEET RUNNING. PERHAPS THE MAN WHO KILLED MING LEE DIDN'T GET AWAY--!



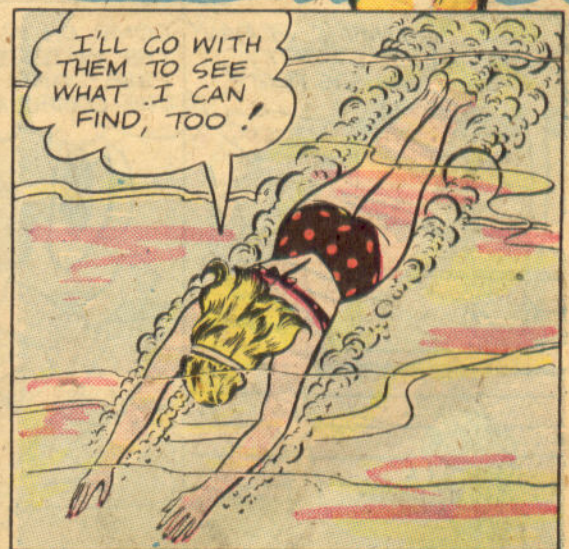
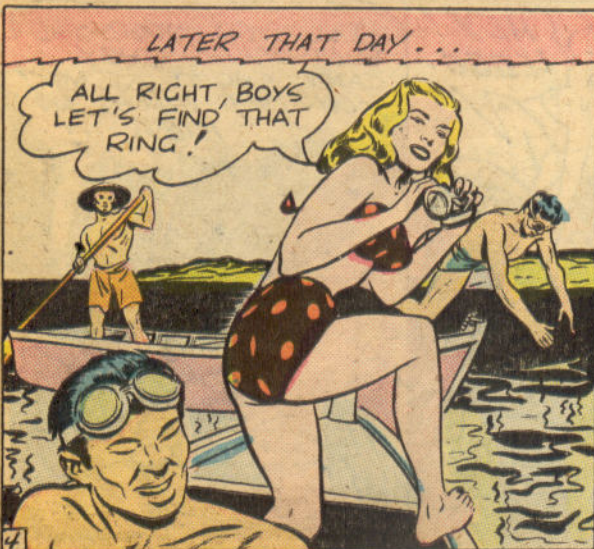
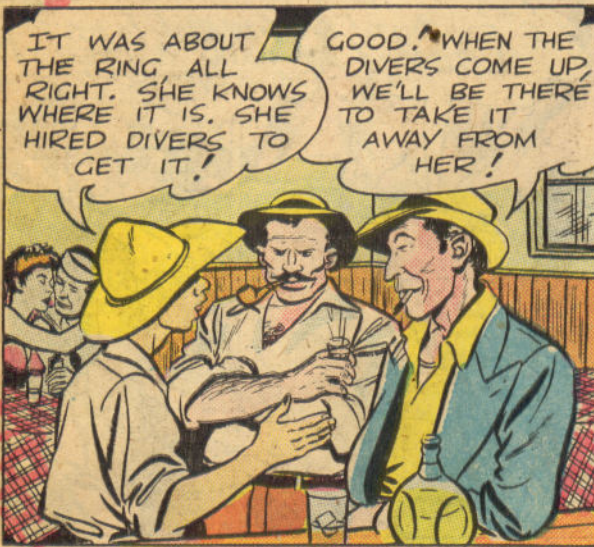
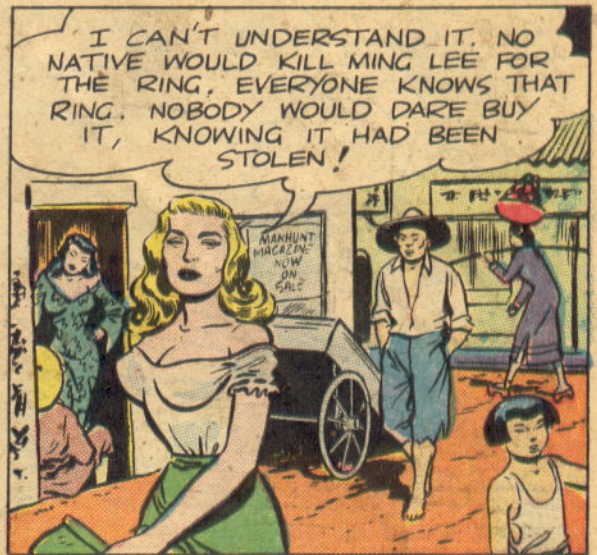
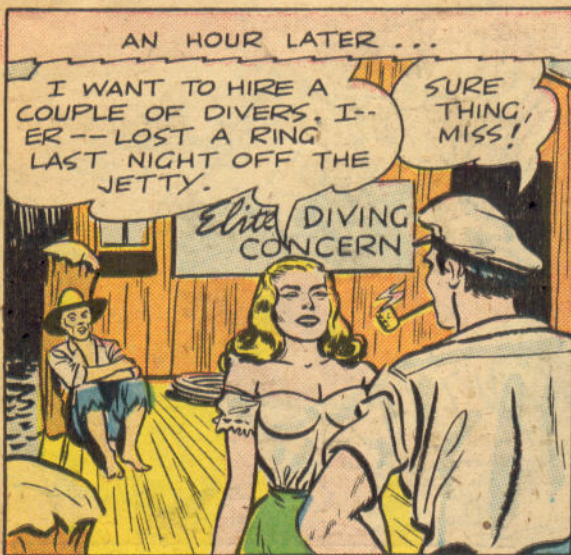
MANHUNT!



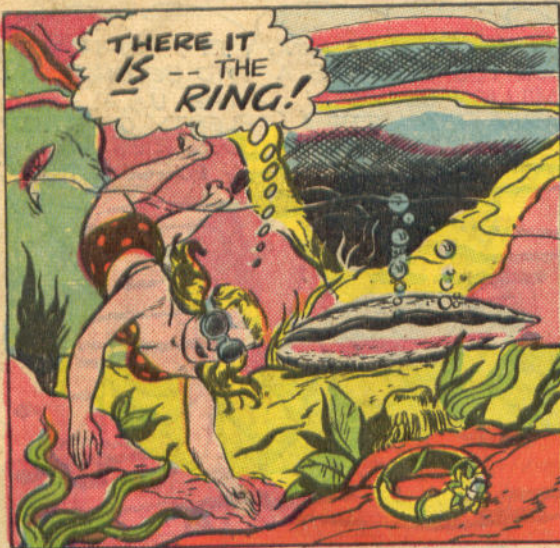
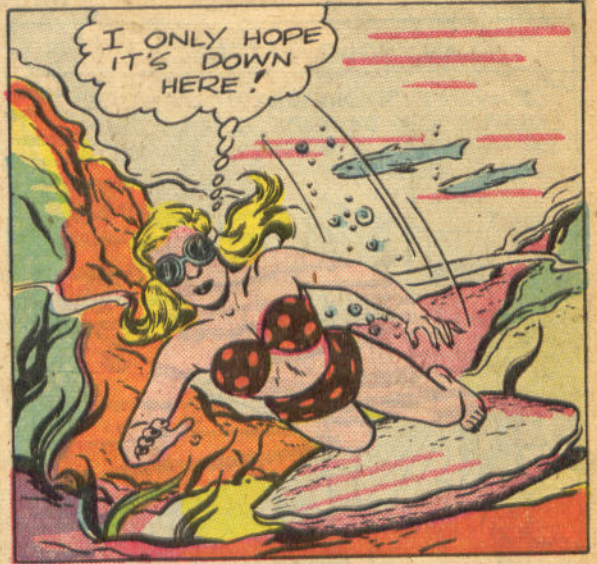
MANHUNT!

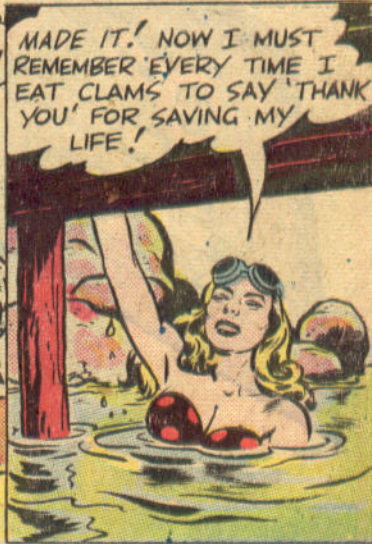
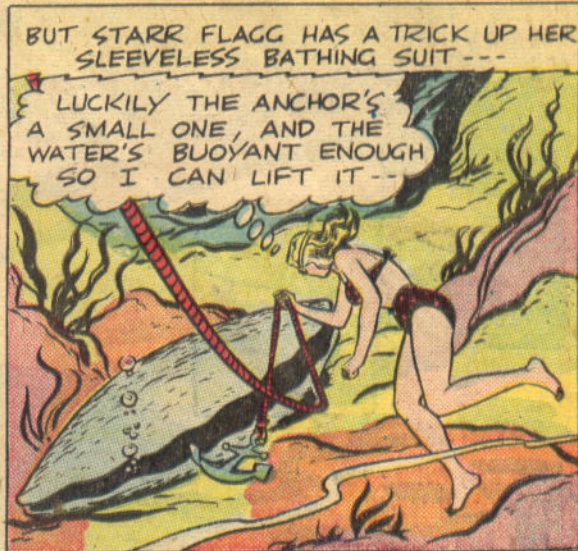
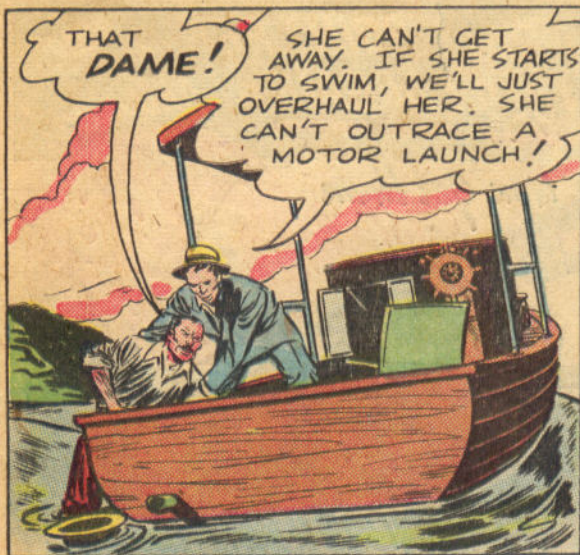


MANHUNT!

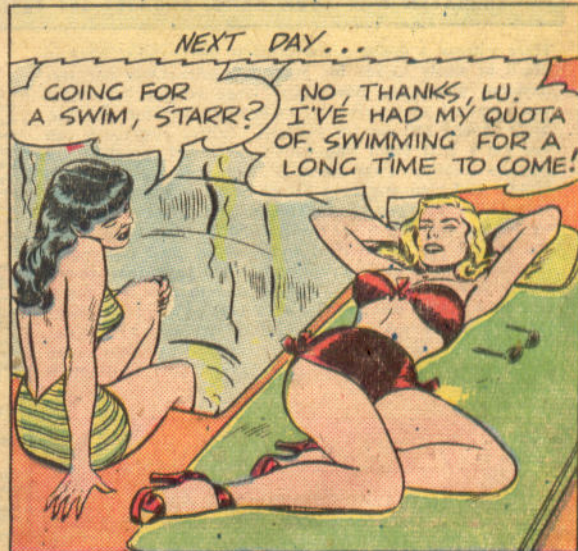


MANHUNT!





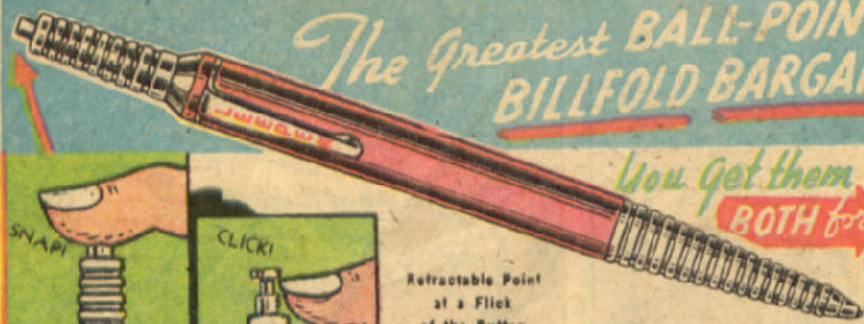
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Judy was sobbing with weariness. "I—I can't!"

Jug's strong right arm held her to the ropes. But Jug knew that he couldn't keep this up much longer! A glint of moonlight below him caught his eye. The water was rushing up toward them with frightening speed!

"He's going to brush us off in the water!" Jug cried. He tried to tighten his grip on the ladder, then the water struck him.

The fury of the water at that speed would have pulled Jug and the girl free of the ladder if it had not first twisted a strand of the rope about them. It wrapped the ladder tightly around their bodies and it held them. But it almost drowned them, at the same time.

Rocks Baxter must have thought he'd lost them, because the blimp began to lift the ladder free of the water. Frozen, half-drowned, Jug and Judy clung to the ladder as tightly as the wet ropes clung to them.

Jug said, "I have to get up to that gondola! Hang on tight, Judy. I have to let you go!"

The girl wrapped her fingers in the ropes and held tight. Slowly, Jug pulled himself up the ropes, hand over hand. Just as he was about to close a hand on the gondola door, it opened.

Rocks Baxter grinned down at them. His little pig eyes glittered cruelly. He laughed at them.

"Still hanging on, hey?" he snarled. "I'll fix that! You bet I will!"

He disappeared into the gondola and came back with an axe. While Jug tried frantically to get to him, he chopped down on the rope ladder with the sharp edge of the axe.

The rope ladder jerked wildly as one strand parted under the axe-edge. Rocks stood up and grinned. "It's not polite to let a lady fall all the way down there! I'd better find a way to help her!"

This time he came back with a rope that he had twisted and knotted into a *hangman's noose*! He knelt at the edge of the doorway and lowered it. The noose slipped over Judy's throat and Baxter yanked it tight.

Jug redoubled his efforts, and managed to close his fingers on the floor of the gondola. With one hand he held himself as he drove his free fist at Rock's jaw. The fist landed and the jewel thief rocked back.

"I'll get you for that!" the man roared. "I'll hang your girl friend and then I'll chop you to pieces!"

He turned the rope around a hook on the inside of the gondola. Then he chopped at the rope ladder again. The last strand gave way and the ladder twisted and fell thousands of

feet below toward the streets of New York, over which the blimp now was passing.

Out of the corner of his eye, Jug caught a glimpse of the lights of Manhattan. He could distinguish the pointed spire of the Chrysler Building, the tall bulk of the Empire State Building. He shuddered, thinking of that fall.

Judy was clinging with both hands to the rope above the noose that held her. When her arms tired, she would let go, and the noose would close . . .

Jug heaved himself up. He called on some last resource of energy deep inside him and he made it. He caught hold of a handle on the side of the gondola and pulled himself into the doorway.

Rocks met him with his fists. He rammed a left to Jug's head and sank a right into the pit of his stomach. Battered by wind and water, Jug almost let go. But a voice deep inside him whispered. *You have to make it. That girl down there will die if you don't get this killer!*

Jug lunged. He came forward, his fists pumping, and he and Rocks brawled furiously near the doorway of the gondola. But the strain of the long ride on the rope ladder was telling. Jug just didn't have the strength left to fight his way in away from the door.

He went back and back. With one hand he clung to the door frame, as Rocks bent him back farther and farther. Beneath him, Judy was sobbing with the effort of holding onto the noose-rope.

His free hand clawed at Rocks, fell away. It tore the pocket of his jacket. Something fell into his palm. It was the olive pit!

There was just a bare chance! Rocks wouldn't expect an attack from that direction! Jug popped the pit in his mouth and tongued it. With accuracy born from years of shooting buckshot, he sent the pit winging right at the other's eye!

The jewel thief bellowed with pain. He fell back two steps, and that was just what Jug wanted. Jug lurched forward, sank a left and a right. The man went down like a felled log.

It was the work of seconds to bend and grasp Judy's wrist, just as her fingers were relaxing. He lifted her up beside him and put her on the gondola floor. Then he turned to Rocks and tied him up with the noose-rope.

Judy stared at him as Jug began to laugh. When he could he said, "If Rocks only knew that a little olive pit stood between him and success! Whew! From now on I'm carrying a whole bottle of those things with me! Who knows?—maybe I'll have to use a pit again—to get out of another pitfall!"

The End.

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